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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

Done in modern style, and at short notice.

Poetry.

IN MEMORIAM ACADEMIAE MEDIOBURIENSIS.

To Fred.

When you and I were boys, Fred,
Not many years ago,
Our lives were fraught with joys, Fred,
That only youth may know.
All then was joy and gladness,
And we were blithe and gay,
And every trace of sadness
Was quickly wiped away.

The school-house stands there still, Fred,
Where once we used to meet,
But now its well worn sill, Fred,
Is trod by other feet.
The benches all are there within,
That once we used to cut;
The cages that we made wherein,
Unlucky flies to shut.

But other knives than ours, Fred,
Now hack those time-worn seats,
And others spend their hours, Fred,
In *tasting "stolen sweets."*
The "rising generation" now
Are filling up our places
With, here and there, a thoughtful brow,
Bright eyes and smiling faces.

The brook still murmurs on, Fred,
As once it used to flow,
And still it sings its gentle song,
With cadence sweet and low:
That soft and mossy green, Fred,
On which we used to play,—
Yes! everything is there, Fred,
But, "The boys" are far away.

Yes! all that happy band, Fred,
That band so blithe and gay,
Are scattered through the land, Fred,
Are scattered far away;
Some East, some West, some North, some South,
In search of greedy gain,
And some to drink of learning's founts,—
But you and I remain.

Then let us hold together, Fred,
And bind our friendship fast
With chains that ne'er shall sever, Fred,
As long as life shall last;
And as we jog along in life,
Where'er our lot is cast,
We'll ever cherish in our hearts
These memories of the past. P.

Miscellany.

From the Spirit of the Times.

Winning a Widow.

After riding twenty miles I reached Donaldsonville, La., just after dark. The Natchez packet sometimes arrived about ten o'clock at night, and as I was bound up the Mississippi, and did not want to miss her, determined to wait in the wharf office. Shortened the time by paying a few visits to a coffee house and billiard room in the town. During one of these I noticed the arrival of a party of French Creoles, who talked and swore over a dozen "mallard ducks" loud enough to have made you believe the'd been on the war-trail after Camanches, and brought in as many scalps. At last walked over to the wharf office, settled down and found comfort in a cigar, and as much of a newspaper as the rather misty light of a bull-eyed lantern would give me. The fire in the stove roared bravely and sent out plenty of warmth I had dropped the paper and only held on to the cigar, when I suddenly woke up on hearing the door open and a couple of men enter. They found chairs, and drawing up to the stove, continued a conversation, evidently commenced as they entered.

"And so, Buffer is going to be married!"

"Wal he is—and a good match he's made of it. I tell you what, she's a roarer. If he don't have to put a kicking breech on her afore he's married a week, you may call me a fool. She's got eyes like a panther, and if he only lets her get the bit atween her teeth—just for once—she'll carry him further nor he wants to go."

"What makes him want to marry her, then?"

"Niggers, mules, and as neat a plantation as thar is on the Bayou. The hundred and fifty hogsheads clean sugar last crop, and if they'd only cut the cane airlier, fifty more atop of it. She had a new steam engine put up last season, and though that cussed baggage burner's a cussed humbug, yet I reckon it's all paid for, and all Buffer's got to do is step in, hang up his hat and set right down to live like a fighting cock."

"Why didn't you go in there? The last time I came down the river I heard you were bucking up to the widow?"

"Wal now, Jim, to be honest, I did think afore that Buffer stepped in, that I just had it all my own way, and that I was going to get her, sure; As these here French say, 'I made eyes at her'—savage! But some how 'nother, she always went dead agin old Massissip. A man from our State had no kind of a show, and, though I put the 'tentions to her like an uncle, it didn't seem to be no use tryin'. 'Bout time she did kind of lean my way, you see nare 'bout the end of grindin' season, old Farabole giv' a dance down in his sugar house, and 'vited me and the widder, and a raft more; and down we went, and the widder kind a felt her oats, and we reeled it off in the airly part of the evening fit to kill; but by'm by that Buffer came on an' just knocked me cold!

"Ye see he'd been down to the city, (New Orleans,) and only 'rived on the Bayou that night, an' hearin' that there was goin's on down to old Farabole's sugar-house, down he cum. Wal, sir, he was drest to death in the hansumest kind of store clothes, and the women were right up on end as soon as he came in. "I see the widder a fixin' her panther eyes on him, and I jest said to myself—'Dick Tarcout, you mout as well clear, that 'ere Buffer's too much for you in the close line.' I felt it at onct. Wal, sir, in about a minnit up comes Buffer, smiles at the widder in a fascinatin' manner, an' ensists on dancin' with her. Sez she 'Yes, Mister Buffer, it will afford me the greatest pleshure!' Gratest pleshure! Wal, the way he squeezed her when they danced, I rather think it did. I kept an eye on Buffer. Now, you see, he'd been stayin' at the Saint Charleses, an' puttin' it through like forty, an' he'd learnt all the last agonies in the way of bowin' and scrapin' and sayin' leetle nothin's; an' sir, he carried his hat in his hand all over the sugar house, down among the bilers, an' up round back of the ingine—whar the licker was—everywhar he toted that ar' hat.

"Now the widder didn't jist exactly know what to make of it—cos it was a new wrinkle—so twic't she said to him he'd better let Big Jake, one of the house niggers, hold it for him; but 'twant no use, he held on to't tight as a wrench; at last, jest as they war in the middle of a dance, sez Buffer, with sech a smile, sez he—'Mrs. Noirveux, for your sake I'll do most enything!' An' he actually held that ar' hat in one hand, and hit it a lick with t'other, and fetched top an' rim right into a pancake—knocked it right down flat.

"I tell you wot, when the widder see him do that, she was jest ready to drap, she was so come over with his 'tentions. Sacrifizing a bran new hat, and all to gratify her little whim! I see at once how he was goin', an' I determined, sir, to head him off. So I stepped up round back of the ingine, whar the licker war, an' I took a most rousin' big horn of old Farabole's rum, an' huntin', found my hat. It was a right new one—none of your Kosshoot or wool hats but a reg'lar beaver, stiff as a stove pipe, and shone like a pair of new black boots; so I lays hold of that ar hat, and goes round back of the ingine an' takes another swinging' big pull at the rum, and then I felt just ready for action. The dance was through, and as cheers was scarce, the women were all seated on a few seats in front of the bilers, an' Buffer was a pilin' on the soft things, and the widder was a lookin' tickled to pieces, when I made my appearance on the stage!

"I works up to'rd the widder, an' when I'd got atween her an' Buffer, sez I, 'Allow me the pleasure of your hand for the next set!'

"'Oh!' sez she with a leetle sigh, 'I'm so come over that I hardly feel able to dance agin!'

"Now sez I to myself, 'old feller, spread yourself or die!' and I just swings my hat round Buffer's, and just as I said: 'You'd better say "Yes!" you'll get over it a dancin',' I held that ar' hat in one hand (just as Buffer did his) an' with t'other hand I drew the crown down with sech another lick that the lining jammed right through and bust the end clean out."

"Riley," said she, "you skeered me!" an' I think I mought have done it. Thar was my hat, all knocked into infernal pieces no bigger than bits, the rim all hangin' loose, the side smashed in, the lining running out and the top off. 'Bout that time I turned my eye, and thar stood Buffer a holdin his hat—just as good as new, and all in shape, sir! I looked at it twice—no mistake, it was whole.

Sez he, "You ought to get a spring hat—*shappoh mechanic*, as the French call 'em. I've one here!" An' then he ups and shows the insides of it, an' how it works and the hull lot of women looked at him, like if he'd a stove pipe chock full of diamonds; the widder specially paternized him, tuck him under her wing, an' give me the cold shoulder—straight. Buffer's got her. I'm tired of La-Fooshe, an' am goin' back to the hills, what thar ar' no more widders that fellers can cotton down to with spring hats."

☞ All coarse work is the sign of low art. Only, it is to be remembered, that coarseness must be estimated by the distance from the eye; it being necessary to consult this distance, when great, by laying on touches which appear coarse when seen near; but which, so far from being coarse, are, in reality, more delicate in a master's work than the finest close handling, for they involve a calculation of result, and are laid on with a subtlety of sense precisely correspondent to that with which a good archer draws his bow; the spectator seeing in the action nothing but the strain of the strong arm, while there is, in reality, in the finger and eye, an ineffably delicate estimate of distance, and touch on the arrow plume. And, indeed, this delicacy is generally quite perceptible to those who know what the truth is, for strokes by Tintoret or Paul Veronese, which were done in an instant, and look to an ignorant spectator merely like a violent dash of loaded color, (and are, as such, imitated by blundering artists,) are, in fact, modulated by the brush and finger to that degree of delicacy that no single grain of the color could be taken from the touch without injury; and little golden particles of it, not the size of a giant's head, have important share and function in the balances of light in a picture perhaps fifty feet long. Nearly *every* other rule applicable to art has some exception but this. This has absolutely none. All great art is delicate art, and all coarse art is bad art. Nay, even to a certain extent all *bold* art is bad art; for boldness is not the proper word to apply to the courage and swiftness of a great master, based on knowledge, and coupled with fear and love. There is as much difference between the boldness of the true and the false masters, as there is between the courage of a pure woman and the shamelessness of a lost one.

Sydney Smith on the Education of Women.

One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation; and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase of knowledge; not that we should meet together to talk of alkalis and angles, or to add to our stock of history and philology—though a little of these things is no bad ingredient in conversation; but let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the conversation of those who have been well educated and those who have not enjoyed these advantages. Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness, vigor, fancy, words, images illustrations—it decorates every common thing, and gives the power of trifling without being undignified and absurd. The subjects themselves may not be wanted upon which the talents of an educated man have been exercised; but there is always a demand for those talents which his education has rendered strong and quick. Now, really, nothing can be further from our intention than to say anything rude and unpleasant; but we must be excused for observing that it is not now a very common thing to be interesed by the variety and extent of female knowledge, but it is a very common thing to lament that the finest faculties in the world have been confined to trifles utterly unworthy of their richness and their strength.

The pursuit of knowledge is the most innocent and interesting occupation which can be given to the female sex; nor can there be a better method of checking a spirit of dissipation, than by diffusing a taste for literature. The true way to attack vice, is by setting up something else against it. Give to women, in early youth, something to acquire, of sufficient interest and importance to command the application of their mature faculties, and to excite their perseverance in future life; teach them that happiness is to be derived from the acquisition of knowledge, as well as the gratification of vanity, and you will raise up a much more formidable barrier against dissipation, than a host of invectives and exhortations can supply.

It sometimes happens that an unfortunate man gets drunk with very bad wine—not to gratify his palate but to forget his cares; he does not set any value on what he receives, but on account of what it excludes; it keeps out something worse than itself. Now, though it were denied that the acquisition of serious knowledge is of itself important to a woman still it prevents a taste for silly and pernicious works of imagination; it keeps away the horrid trash of novels; and, in lieu of that eagerness for emotion and adventure which books of that sort inspire, promotes a calm and steady temperament of mind.

A man who deserves such a piece of good fortune, may generally find an excellent companion for all the vicissitudes of his life; but it is not so easy to find a companion for his understanding, who has similar pursuits with himself, or who can comprehend the pleasure he derives from them. We really can see no reason why it should not be otherwise; nor comprehend how the pleasures of domestic life can be promoted by diminishing the number of subjects in which persons who are to spend their lives together take a comon interest.

Stromboli.

A letter to the New York Journal of Commerce from a correspondent on board the U S Frigate, Congress, off the coast of Greece, gives the annexed graphic description of the volcano on Stomboli, one of the group of eight Islands in the Mediterranean, known as the Lipari, or Æolian Islands:

"Knowing that we should pass Stromboli, one of this group, late at night, I requested the officer of the deck to call me as soon as the flames of this wonderderful volcano came into view. I knew that sailors had, for many ages, called it the "Light-house" of the Mediterranean, that for 2,000 years past, at least, its eruptions had been uninterrupted for a single day, and that to-night its flames would glare upon the waters over which we were so rapidly sailing. At 3 o'clock in the morning I was summoned on deck, and for the first time in my life, saw a mass of flames rising out of the bowels of the earth. Stromboli was now about twenty miles distant, its conical peak of 2,800 feet in height, standing out in strong relief against the southern sky, and a volume of fire rising in majestic splendor at intervals of five and ten minutes from its centre. The stillness of the night, the solitude of the sea, and the immensity of the over-arching heavens, may have increased the sublimity of the scene. But whatever may have been the cause, the grandeur of that view can never fade from my memory.

"The pillar of fire rose, just as the waters of Niagara fall, in quiet consciousness of irresistible power; and as you gaze, you feel that it was the power of God. The light of the ascending flames diffused itself far over the distant waters, and it was not difficult to believe that in a night of storm the lost mariner might see and bless its light, though a hundred miles away. As we came nearer, I could distinctly see red-hot stones rising in the midst of flame, and breaking like rockets in a grand pyrotechnic exhibition, and scattering stars back again into the crater whence they rose. The crater is located perhaps one-third the distance from the top, and while the larger portion of the lava falls back into its mouth to be again melted and again ejected, a constant stream is pouring down one of the sides of the mountain, to its base, where it leaps into the embrace of the sea. A distinguished English engineer, who surveyed minutely this whole region, says he saw at one time masses of red-hot stones, in a semi-fluid state, and accompanied with showers of ashes and sand, thrown to the height of 60, 70, 500, and even 1,000 feet above the crater; and it required certainly but very little more activity in that sea of fire, whose billows are ever seething in the caverns below Stromboli, to have made before us such exhibitions of magnificence as he saw. I think that Stromboli is the only volcano in the world which never ceases its activity. It seems to be a vent for the whole volcanic region, and is probably connected with Vesuvius and Ætna by some subterranean communication.

The Dog Noble, and the Empty Hole.

The first summer which we spent in Lenox, we had along a very intelligent dog named *Noble*. He was learned in many things, and by his dog-lore excited the undying admiration of all the children. But there were some things which *Noble* could never learn. Having on one occasion seen a red squirrel run into a hole in a stone wall he could not be persuaded that he was not there for evermore.

Several red squirrels lived close to the house and had become familiar, but not tame. They kept up a regular romp with *Noble*. They would come down from the maple trees with provoking coolness; they would run along the fence almost within reach; they would cock their tails and sail across the road to the barn; and yet there was such a well-timed calculation under all this apparent rashness, that *Noble* invariably arrived at the critical spot just as the squirrel left it.

On one occasion *Noble* was so close upon his red backed friend that, unable to get up the maple tree, he dodged into a hole in the wall, ran through the chinks, emerged at a little distance, and sprung into the tree. The intense enthusiasm of the dog at that hole can hardly be described. He filled it full of barking. He pawed and scratched as if undermining a bastion. Standing off at a little distance he would pierce the hole with a gaze as intense and fixed as if he were trying magnetism on it. Then, with tail extended, and every hair thereon electrified, he would rush at the empty hole with a prodigious onslaught.

This imaginary squirrel haunted *Noble* night and day. The very squirrel himself would run up before his face into the tree, and crouched in a crotch, would sit silently watching the whole process of bombarding the empty hole, with great sobriety and relish. But *Noble* would allow of no doubts. His conviction that that hole had a squirrel in continued unshaken for six weeks. When all other occupations failed this hole remained to him. When there were no more chickens to harry, no pigs to bite, no cattle to chase, no children to romp with, no expeditions to make with the grown folks, and when he had slept all that his dog-skin would hold, he would walk out of the yard, yawn and stretch himself, and then look wistfully at the hole, as if thinking to himself, "Well, as there is nothing else to do I may as well try that hole again"!

We had almost forgotten this little trait, until the conduct of the *New-York Express*, in respect to Col Fremont's religion brought it ludicrously to mind again. Col. Fremont is, and always has been, as sound a Protestant as John Knox ever was. He was bred in the Protestant faith and has never changed. He is unacquainted with the doctrines and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and has never attended the services of that Church, with two or three exceptions, when curiosity, or some extrinsic reason, led him as a witness. We do not state this upon vague belief. We know what we say. We say it upon our own personal honor and proper knowledge. Col. Fremont never was, and is not now, a Roman Catholic. He has never been wont to attend that Church. Nor has he in any way, directly or indirectly, given occasion for this report.

It is a gratuitous falsehood, utter, barren, absolute, and unqualified. The story has been got up for political effect. It is still circulated for that reason, and like other political lies, it is a sheer, unscrupulous falsehood from top to bottom, from the score to the skin, and from the skin back to the score again. In all its parts, in pulp, tegument, rind, cell and seed, it is a thorough, and total untruth, and they who spread it bear false witness. And as to all the stories of the Fulmer, etc, as to supposed conversations with Fremont, in which he defended the mass, and what not, they are pure fictions. They never happened. The authors of them are slanderers; the men to believe them are dupes; the men who spread them become endorsers of wilful and corrupt libellers.

But the *Express* like *Noble*, has opened on this hole in the wall, and can never be done barking at it. Day after day it resorts to this empty hole. When everything else fails this resource remains. There they are, indefatigably—the *Express* and *Noble*—a church without a Fremont, and a hole without a squirrel in it!

In some respects, however, the dog had the advantage. Sometimes we thought that he really believed that there was a squirrel there. But at other times he apparently had an inkling of the ridiculousness of his conduct, for he would drop his tail, and walk towards us with his tongue out and his eyes a little aslant, seeming to say, "My dear sir, you don't understand a dog's feelings. I should of course much prefer a squirrel, but if I can't have that, an empty hole is better than nothing. I imagine how I would catch him if he *was* there. Besides, people who pass by don't know the facts. They think that I have got something. It is needful to keep up my reputation for sagacity. Besides, to tell the truth I have looked into that hole so long that I have half persuaded myself that there is a squirrel there, or will be, if I keep on."

Well, every dog must have his day, and every dog must have his way. No doubt if we were to bring back *Noble* now, after two summer's absence, he would make straight for that hole in the wall with just as much zeal as ever.

We never read the *Express*, now-a-days, without thinking involuntarily, "Goodness! the dog is letting off at that hole again."—*H. W. Beecher.*

Col. Fremont—Eulogies upon him by Cass, Calhoun, Webster, Crittenden, &c., &c.

In the U. S. Senate on the 3d of March 1848, Mr. Cass from the Committee on Military Claims reported a bill for ascertaining and paying the California claims, which was immediately passed to a second reading. In the course of the speech made by Mr. Cass upon the bill, he briefly touched on the part "which Col. Fremont had taken in the occupation of California, and the consummate skill and courage which he had evinced in an expedition teeming with extraordinary and romantic interest."

Mr. Calhoun, who opposed the bill said:

"I do not oppose this measure on the ground of opposition to Col. Fremont. * * * I have acquaintance with the Colonel, *and I am so favorably impressed as to him, that I would as readily trust him as any other individual*. His integrity is beyond suspicion."

Mr. Webster said:

"Col. Fremont is a young officer of great merit—one who deserves well of his country for the bravery and ability with which he discharged his important and delicate duties in California."

Mr. Dix of New York, said:

"In the execution of these objects, the young and accomplished officer, Col Fremont, exhibited a combination of energy, promptitude, sagacity and prudence *which indicates the highest capacity, for civil and military command*, and in addition to what he has done in the cause of science, it has given him a reputation at home and abroad of which men much older and more experienced than himself, might well be proud. That the country will do justice to his valuable and distinguished services, I entertain not the slightest doubt.

Mr. Crittenden of Ky., a few days after the same subject being before the Senate, said:

"The conduct of Col Fremont entitled him *to our confidence*, and on him we could more naturally rely, than on any other persons who have not had the same connection with the claims."

And Mr. Allen of Ohio, said:

"Col. Fremont, in his opinion, was the most meritorious American of his age now in existence, and had he (Mr. A.) the power of appointment, he would ere this have given him a military appointment in Mexico, for which nature had so clearly formed him."

Mr. Rusk of Texas, said:

"I regard Col. Fremont as one of the most heroic and successful officers in our army—an army of which any nation might be proud."

Mr. Bagby of Alabama, opposed the bill, but declared that:

"Col. Fremont in his opinion was a man of most extraordinary merits and abilities."

Mr. Atchison of Missouri, late President of the Senate and now chief of the "Border Ruffians," before he became a Border Ruffian, and took to drinking whiskey and burning hotels, thought very favorably of Col Fremont. We find in the Congressional Globe, 18th vol., p. 359, the following:

"Mr. Atchison remarked as follows:—

"He gave it as his opinion, not only that conquest of California was effected by Col. Fremont, but that the United States had derived the advantage of his conquest at a comparatively little cost. He justified Col. Fremont in all he had done. He made some reference to the course which Col. Fremont pursued—a course in some instances rendered indispensable for his own preservation, and always characterized by skill and promptitude."

Col. Fremont's Temperance Army.

The following is Lieutenant Walpole's description of Col Fremont's army, who were allowed no liquor, as they entered Monterey on the capture of California. Lieutenant Walpole was then in the royal navy, and, as quoted by Mr. Upham, says:

"During our stay in Monterey Captain Fremont and his party arrived. They naturally excited curiosity. Here were true trappers; the class that produced the heroes of Fenimore Cooper's best works. These men had passed years in the wilds, living upon their own resources. They were a curious set. A vast cloud of dust appeared first, and thence, in long file, emerged this wildest wild party. Fremont rode ahead—a spare, active looking man, with such an eye! He was dressed in a blouse and leggins, and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his body guard, and have been with him through all his wanderings; they had charge of two baggage horses. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle. Thirty-nine of them are his regular men, the rest are loafers, picked up lately.

☞ The proper study of mankind is man," says Pope—but the popular study is how to make money out of him.

Fremont from Abroad.—The admiration of Fremont is by no means confined to the limits of our own country. His fame and his worth extend to nations wherever general intelligence is the possession of a people. The London *Times* of a recent date, has the following:

"We lately extracted from the American papers a political adress *which is worthy of any people or any statesman.* It is the reply in which Colonel Fremont conveys to those partizans who have nominated him for the Presidential chair his willingness to accept it. Col. Fremont is a man of action in a country where action inspires greater admiration than cultivated taste or philosophical reflection; and the events in which he has taken a conspicuous part cannot fail to exercise a great influence over the fortunes, not only of the American States, but the whole civilized world. Too little is known in Europe of the geography and recent history of the New World for Col. Fremont's real merits to be appreciated through the haze of exaggeration. But, as the leader of the pioneers whose courage first forced a path for western adventure over the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains to the treasures of California, he is fairly entitled to take rank among those benefactors of mankind who have brought moral and physical hardihood to the performances of works suggested by science and accomplished by perseverance.—Such a man must have many admirers among his own countrymen, yet few Englishmen, judging by the tone of the American papers and the speeches of American legislators, were prepared to find that a man distinguished rather by his past career than his present partizanship was popular enough to command a nomination to the Presidential chair; and fewer still to find that, when solicited to compete for the honor, he could adress to his fellow-citizens *a reply so little vulgarized by the passions of the day, so little tainted by the epidemic fever of jealousy and violence.*

He does not express himself to his followers in the language of cant or exaggerated humanity. He seizes on that which, to a practical man, is the blot of the system, which would allow the admission of more Slave States into the Union. He denounces its glaring inconsistency with the principles on which the Constitution of the Republic is based, and with the material prosperity of that large class of free citizens whose subsistence depends upon the correspondence between soil and employment. We trust that the citizens of the States will know how to apreciate a courage *which will neither palter with a momentous question nor seek to base the safety of the Republic upon a timid compromise*; and if, by his courage and his ability, Col. Fremont secures the object of his patriotic ambition, we certainly shall congratulate both the States and this kingdom on the elevation of a man who seems to reconcile patriotism with regard for the rights of others, and the resolution to do great things with a graceful abstinence from bragging of them."

Col. Fremont's Senatorial Career.—Col. Fremont, elected Senator from California, drew the short term, and as he did not arrive to take his seat at the extra session, he was actually in the Senate chamber only twenty-one working days.—In that short period of time, he performed an amount of useful work which would have been a fair result of six years' of senatorial service. He introduced eighteen important bills, among which were:

1. A bill to regulate the workings of the mines in California.
2. A bill to grant said state public lands for purposes of education.
3. A bill to grant six towns for a university.
4. A bill to grant lands for asylums for the deaf and dumb, for the blind and insane.
5. A bill to provide for opening a road across the continent.

Good.—It is a matter of gratulation that we have at length a man presented for the Presidency, of scrupulous honor, of manly bearing, of incorrupt morals, of a heroic spirit, young, enterprising, proved in danger, of an excellent judgment, of great sagacity in practical affairs, remarkable for capacity to command, and for habits of self command, and above all, an unworn, unhackneyed politician! He *is* an honest man, and he is not a supple politician.

Against such an one there can be brought no political charges, no broken promise, no tergiversations, no conduct supple, evasive, unmanly, dishonest. He has no feuds, no party commitments, no political enmities. He is a clear fresh, able, honest, heroic man. Let us try how it will seem again to see such a man President of these United States!—*N. Y. Independent.*

American Politics in Europe.—We ventured to dispute the suggestion that the nomination of Buchanan would inspire confidence in the European government. We did not believe that one of the Ostend Conferees would be likely to command the respect of other powers. We were right. England is hastening to close up her difficulties, because she fears that under Buchanan she would not be met with that frankness and conciliating temper which she has certainly manifested in the latter stages of the negotiations. The English papers remind their readers of the fillibustering opinions of the Democratic candidate, and hold up the Ostend manifesto anew to the public reprobation. Equally decided is the tone of the French press.—*Providence Journal.*

☞ The hapiness of every one depends more on his own mind, than upon any or all external circumstances.